The So-So Stories

Published by

REED & CARNRICK

The So-So Stories

A Series of Humorous Stories
of Interest to Physicians

Illustrated

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PREFACE

AT the beginning of the year when the first of the So-So Stories appeared, we had no expectation of ever publishing them in the form of the present little volume. It was only after numerous requests from various physicians, urging the desirability of this procedure, that the idea of printing them in book form suggested itself to us.

It is, therefore, with a great deal of pleasure that we present this volume to the members of the medical profession for their careful attention and inspection. If the stories contained herein cause a bit of merriment, or even by chance do a small amount of good by virtue of the moral that may be drawn from each of them, then indeed shall we feel that our efforts have not been altogether in vain.

REED & CARNRICK.

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CASTING BREAD ON THE WATERS OF IMAGINATION

By HOMER CROY

(Author of the humorous novel, "When to Lock the Stable.")

Casting Bread on the Waters of Imagination

I wasn't feeling well, so I waited as long as I could before going to see a doctor, to have him tell me that I should have come to see him sooner.

It makes no difference how fast a person hurries to the office over the First National Bank with the framed Latin hanging on the wall, the doctor always thinks that he should have come sooner.

He peeked through a crack in the door and told me to sit down and help myself to the magazines until he should be through. I picked one up, but I couldn't get interested in it. It had been interesting a few years before—when I had first read it—but it no longer gripped me until time sped by unheeded. In fact, it seemed to get in front of time and stumble against its legs.

When the magazine began to cloy, I turned my attention to a flourished deer on the wall. It was of the Gaskell's Compendium school of full-arm flourishes, bounding over billowy muscular movement clouds with a



"I picked one up, but I couldn't get interested in it."

banner floating from its horns announcing that Art is long, time is fleeting. As I waited and waited, I could not help feeling that they had been tipped off wrong about time.

At last the doctor came—I was glad to see him, as I had been expecting him for some time.

"Doctor," I said, when he had taken me into his private office, "I

am a sick man—you will have to work fast."

The doctor smiled pleasantly—that was good news.

"What is the matter?" he asked professionally.

"Everything," I sighed. "There isn't a moment to lose."

He rubbed his hands gleefully—it was almost too good to be true.

"There is something the matter with my digestion. Can't you give me some medicine—some medicine that is easy to take?"

The doctor grew serious—I could plainly see that that was against the ethics of the profession. Although he liked me personally he would not let friendship come between him and duty.

Seating me in his leather chair he drew out his watch and placed his finger tips on my wrist. When he put up his timepiece, I studied his face; but it was a perfect mask—I couldn't tell whether I merely had symptoms, or was in the last stages.

I squirmed uneasily, but the doctor did not move; he kept looking at me sadly. I began to see that he hated to tell me the truth. It might be that

I had only a few hours more only a few hours.

Thinking that he had diagnosed enough when he had taken my pulse, I said, "Oh, hurry, doctor, and tell me something—even if it is the truth."

"Let me see your tongue," he said impressively.

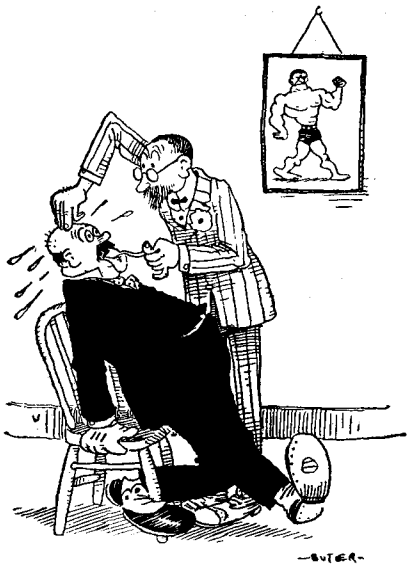
I put out my tongue for him. "A little bit more," he said, and I brought out all that I had, but he looked as if he thought that I could do better. I tried harder than ever, but that didn't satisfy him—his plan seemed to be to measure it.

He bent over me with a spoon and got on the handle. I tried to pitch him off with my tongue, but I could not lift him.

Bending back my head, he looked down my throat.

"Hmm—," he said, tapping his fingers together. That was a bad sign. But everything seems a bad sign in a doctor's office.

Suddenly he dangled a stethoscope in my face. Up to then I had always prided myself on how strong my heart was, but now I began to feel that maybe after all it was pride and not knowledge. Bending over he put



"He bent over me with a spoon and got on the handle."

the stethoscope to my left side. I began to see that it was serious, and I became alert to my neglected heart. Yes it was leaking—like a shoe on a wet day.

"Hmm—mm—," he said, putting his finger tips together again.

I felt sure that the end must be near—a person always does in a doctor's office—but I must know the truth at any cost.

"Doctor," I faltered, "tell me the truth—when may I expect the—the end?"

"What end?" he asked blithely.

It seemed cruel to joke on such a subject.

"Mine," I answered coldly.

With that he laughed—heartlessly—and I looked for my hat. He should not make sport of me.

"Why," he exclaimed, "there isn't anything the matter with you—except imagination. As near as I can calculate, you are good for about forty years yet—but you do need exercise."

I hadn't come there to be told that I needed exercise; I saw that he wasn't telling me the truth.

"I'll go to another doctor then," I said significantly.

With that he saw that I was not to be trifled with. "I can cure you," he hesitated, "if you are willing to take medicine and follow my instructions to the letter."

I promised that I would, and he turned to his cabinet and whistled a careless tune seeming to forget that the world was full of sorrow—and indigestion.

"Here," he said, holding up a box, "are some pills. Take one three times a day." I smiled to think how easily I was getting off—nothing to take but a few pills, and I had been expecting bitter medicine. Then he went on: "But you must walk two miles before every meal!"

You can't get ahead of a doctor.

It made me get up an hour earlier to take my before-breakfast pill. Taking the pill was hard work—especially the last half mile.

Day after day I took the pills, but once or twice I fooled him by getting on a car. But, doctor-like, he asked me one day if I was walking every step of the way—they ask such unexpected questions! After that the only thing that I could do was to skip a meal now and then.

But sure enough I began to feel better—my stomach began to be more companionable. I began to enjoy being in its society.

"Doctor," I said a few weeks afterward, "I am a cured man. Those pills of yours are wonderful. There's only one trouble with them—a fellow has to do so much traveling before he can take one."

"Your indigestion is cured then?" he asked, smiling in that inexplainable way of his.

"Completely," I enthused. "I take off my hat to you—you know every whim that flits through my indigestive tract. But tell me, what kind of pills are those?"

"You're sure you're cured?"

"I sure am," I bubbled. "Why, I'm an ostrich."

"Well," he answered with that same mysterious smile, "those are bread pills."

That seemed a queer name to give pills, but I could see at once that it was natural that they should give bread pills for stomach trouble.

I caught him smiling.

"What makes you do that?" I demanded, but he only made some remark about knowing human nature first which didn't have anything to do with it.

"You've made a man of me," I said at the door, and as I went swinging out, glad that I was alive, he was still smiling. I liked him all right, but I did wish that he wouldn't be everlastingly smiling when there wasn't anything to be smiling at!

ADDENDA

Of course the doctor smiled; the imaginative indigestion of the sedentary hypochondriac, who gathers his symptoms from the "free for all" almanac is amusing.

But the cases of real indigestion whose etiology is obscured, oftentimes causes the physician a world of worry. Time beyond number is he confronted by some patient with the question "Can't you give me something that will cure my indigestion?" The doctor in the story prescribed bread pills and exercise and through the kindness of the author the patient was completely and quickly cured.

But in real life and in real practice it is oftentimes a different story, especially in these days of quick eating and bolting of food, both ideally designed to develope the chronic dyspeptic. It is then that the doctor's troubles begin, when he finds that something besides the ordinary digestive ferment is indicated. The latter simply makes a test tube out of the stomach and digests one or perhaps two of the ingredients therein contained.

What that patient needs is something which will not only relieve the stomach by digesting all of its contents, but

something which will also reactivate the worn out cells of the digestive apparatus, and thus in time so revitalize them as to render them capable of doing their own digestion again without the aid of digestants. This can be accomplished by the use of Peptenzyme.

The action of Peptenzyme is so positive and pronounced that no physician can doubt its value in comparison with any digestive ferments heretofore in use. It not only digests every form of nitrogenous food, such as white of egg, meat, casein, gluten, etc., but also converts starch, emulsifies fats and inverts sugars.

But more important than even this, Peptenzyme, because composed of the nucleo-enzymes of all the glands that aid digestion, rebuilds and regenerates the worn out digestive cells. Peptenzyme actually aids in the repair of the overtaxed digestive apparatus.

Believing that you might think us naturally prejudiced in favor of our own goods, we respectfully ask you, if at all interested, to write us for samples and literature, whereupon we will forward same at once. You will then be in a position to form your own opinion about Peptenzyme. We know you will be pleased.

IT PAYS TO INVESTIGATE

The

REDEMPTION OF JIM TRACY

By J. A. TERRY

The Redemption of Jim Tracy

"Say, Jim, you're looking rather frayed to-day—what's up? Too much poker last night?"

"Poker nothing," I said. "I'm sick, Tom. The Glooms have got me. My system is on the *fritz*. I feel Dopy—Depressed—with a big D—— before each."

"Why don't you consult a Medico, my boy?" said Tom.

"I would, if I could only locate the trouble, but it seems to be spread pretty evenly all over me, inside and out, and I don't know whether to see a doctor or call in the undertaker."

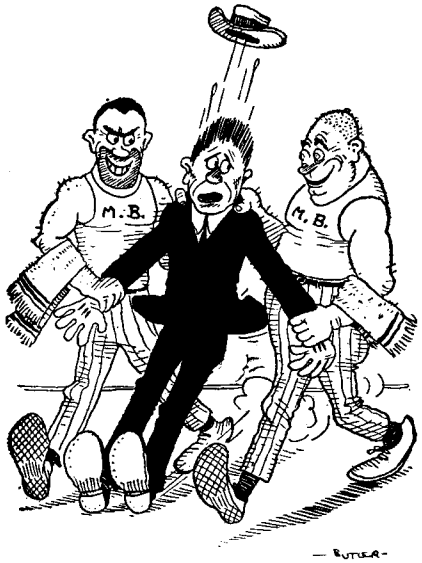
"Oh! come and have something and forget it, Jim."

"No use, Tom," I answered, "I can't eat or drink a thing."

"Well, better go see a doctor—he'll fix you up and cheat the undertaker," said Tom with a parting handshake.

Thinking this might perhaps be good advice, I went to see Dr. Osley who, I remembered, had cured my friend Howells of a dislocated rib, or some such thing.

"Doctor," said I, "there's something wrong with my entire works—I feel stiff and loggy. My muscles seem to have gone on a strike and



"— called in two husky attendants who took me in charge."

won't work except under protest. I read about a man the other day who couldn't move a single joint—not even his ears," I said, with a sickly smile—"because, as they explained, the stuff that oiled his joints failed him, and perhaps that's what I'm getting, Doctor."

"Well, let's see," said the doctor, "undress and lay down on that couch."

I knew, of course, that I had a lot

of joints, big and little, but I never would have believed I possessed as many as that doctor was able to locate and pull and stretch and crack for me—as he went on, each cracking joint sounded louder than the one before it, until they fairly boomed in my ears like the explosions of a gattling—I could almost tell beforehand how loud the next one would be, and caught myself anxiously waiting for it and trying to count them.

Suddenly I became convinced that my trouble was not in my joints at all—it must be my nerves, I thought. "We must be on the wrong track, doctor; my joints are in fine condition, in fact they have never cracked better since I've had them," I said, with a painful smile, as I sat up suddenly—"see! my joints are O. K." I added, wriggling my fingers before his astonished gaze (anything, I thought, to stave off this unearthly joint cracking business)—"I think it's my nerves, doctor, in fact I'm sure of it."

I hurriedly dressed, pressed a liberal fee into his hand and left. As I found myself on the street, nervously racing for an "L" train, I became convinced, more and more, that Dr. Holtz was the man I should consult—he was known as a great nerve specialist. I had heard of his wonderful electric baths and felt that an

electric treatment was just what I needed—electricity was great for calming the nerves, they said, and mine seemed to be trying to jump at each others' throats in a general massacre of my poor self.

"Doctor," I said hurriedly, as I was finally ushered into his inner office, "I want to take your electric treatment—my nervous system is a disjointed wreck and I understand electricity is the great nerve builder" ———— and here I stopped, for I caught sight of a big square glass case full of grim-looking machinery, and nearby, attached to the case by wires, a large arm chair such as I had often seen in pictures of Sing-Sing electrocutions.

My revolutionary nerves took another murderous jump, but the doctor's quiet smile calmed me somewhat as he said, "Well, sir, you have come to the right place—nervous troubles have no secrets for me—I soothe and cure them all. Come, tell me what's the trouble."

I started to explain in minute detail all the variegated sensations which I was and had been going through, but he stopped me and said, rubbing his hands:

"Yes, yes; a well defined case of nervous prostration—we'll soon have that fixed."

He then asked me to take off my

coat and led me to that murderous looking arm chair next to the glass case—he strapped my arms and legs securely in place, and taking a long brass rod with a bunch of needles on the end, started the machinery. A fearful crackling followed inside the glass box, and pointing the rod now here, now there, commenced to shoot a thousand tiny blue and green flames at me.

At first they tickled—then stung—then burned; they danced before my eyes in devilish glee as they raced up and down my arms, my legs, my back—I felt full of needles, big and little—I twitched and squirmed and wriggled. I waited impatiently for the soothing effect I had expected to experience, but my fidgety nerves seemed to join in the infernal electric dance and to get more jumpy as the *soothing process* went on; I expected my clothes to burst into flames every minute—I was being coolly electrocuted by this smiling human fiend—he was murdering me by inches—I strained at my bonds and was on the point of calling for help, when he touched a button — the infernal crackling stopped and he said with a pleasant smile, "there, that will do for the first application. You feel much better, don't you? The next treatment will be the perpendicular shower, standing nude on that glass

stool. Come to see me again next week. Good-by."

"Not if I'm still alive," I thought, as I hurriedly gained the street.

On rounding the corner I met Bill Jennings — good old Bill — always sympathetic and full of good advice. I straightway told him my troubles. He listened patiently — finally he shook his head, "the trouble is not with your nerves, my boy," he said, "you've been confining yourself too closely—your blood is stagnant—you need a little more exercise and a good Hydropathic treatment, or better yet, take a course of those new Mud Baths —they'll make a new man of you and put some life into your blood."

Ah! that was it!—it wasn't my nerves at all—my blood was just stagnant and needed punching up a bit—lucky thing I met Bill.

The Doctor at the Mud Baths received me with a cordial smile that inspired me with new hope. After listening to my trouble, he advised the first bath at once and called in two husky attendants who took me in charge. Here, I thought joyfully, is where my frazzled nerves get their quietus. I was quickly undressed by the attendants, laid on a marble slab, and then one of them pulled on a rope hanging nearby — the other shouted, "Close your eyes." I had hardly time to do so when, what felt

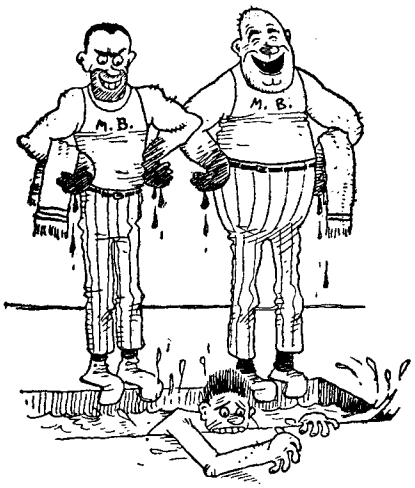
like an alpine avalanche of red-hot mud, struck me full in the face.

I gasped — struggled — tried to shout, but that sticky mud clung closer than a porous plaster. I gave myself up for lost, when I felt the mud open above my face and the satanic countenance of one of the attendants grinned down at me. "What happened," said I? "Oh, nothing," said he, "we have to apply the mud all at once or the effect is lost. You see," he said, "we revive and vitalize the blood by sudden changes—you never can tell what's coming next—it's the only way to surprise your stagnant blood out of its lethargy."

"But," I said, "I don't like these sudden surprises—I may have heart trouble for all I know, and one of these quick shocks might prove fatal." "Oh, no danger of that," answered he. Meantime they had been vigorously punching and kneading that mass of mud and me with it until I commenced to feel like a punching bag, although I looked more like a mummy.

"Why don't you get a steam roller," I said fiercely, "and save yourselves all that unnecessary work—the results would be the same."

"Well, you want your blood vitalized, don't you?" answered one of them sourly.



"I felt myself dropped and plunged."

"Yes, certainly," I replied, "but after its thoroughly vitalized I shall need a few legs and arms and other organs for it to circulate in."

"Well, that's enough, Jack," said the attendant without answering me, "now give him the drop."

Before I could realize what they meant, I felt myself dropped and plunged, marble slab, hot mud, aching limbs and all into an icy tank. I came out of that cold bath,—hot,—physically and mentally—inside and out. I'd had enough of surprises and told the Mud doctor so in hotter phraseology than his own mud, and

left, vowing I would deliver myself into the hands of our own family physician.

This I did the very next day, and his first question was, "Are your bowels regular?" "Nothing about me is regular at present, doctor," I answered contritely, "much less my bowels." "Then," said he, "you are simply suffering from the cumulative effects of constipation, and that is *all* there is the matter with you."

ADDENDA

This story of Jim Tracy makes us smile for we see many Jims in every community, and we rightly quote "What Fools These Mortals Be;" yet it has its serious side for the money has been paid to others in advance, while the doctor who comes last waits for his fee.

Smiling with the thought of Jim's last initiation through the mud down to the icy waters that brought him to his senses, we can perhaps look at the serious side in another manner and acknowledge after all that it was to a certain extent the doctor's fault.

Don't you remember years ago Jim met you on the street and said he was slightly constipated; what did you do, but advise him to take a dose of salts.

If instead you had told him to come to your office and there made a careful physical examination and noted the beginning of the intestinal indigestion that leads to all sorts of complaints and ills, he would not now be feeling "dopey and depressed" and seek relief away from his family physician.

Most cases of constipation begin with some intestinal disturbance, and we must seek a rational treatment beginning at the very seat of the trouble—intestinal indigestion. The normal stimulants to the intestines are found in the pancreatic juice and in the bile; hence it is to these that we must look for our remedy.

Pancrobilin is composed of the nucleo-enzymes of the pancreas and dehydrated bile, the nucleo-enzymes of the pancreas being more active and truer to Nature's secretion than pancreatin, while dehydrated bile is superior to the bile salts because the water has been removed without the use of the high heat, which changes the nature of the bile. Consequently Pancrobilin is far more effective than the usual combinations of pancreatin and bile and should be used in all cases of intestinal indigestion and constipation.

For other cases of indigestion there is nothing that can equal Peptenzyme.

Why not write us for samples now, right away, so you can begin testing them immediately?

It's All in a Name

By HOMER CROY

(Author of the humorous novel, "When to Lock the Stable.")

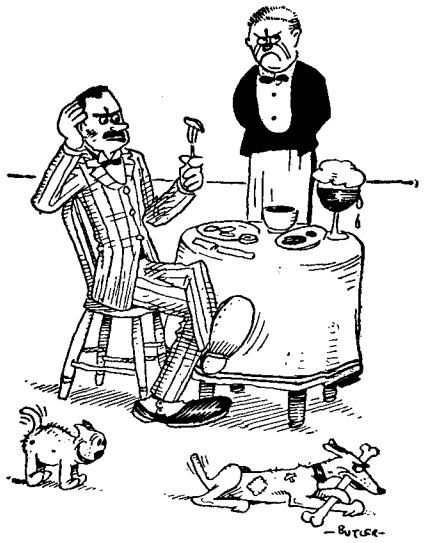
It's All in a Name

Gradually something about my stomach began to get out of fix. Something seemed to be working loose. After a meal my stomach felt heavy—as if somebody had tossed in a couple of marbles.

The people at the office began to be disagreeable. I hadn't noticed, in all the years that I had been there, what unpleasant people we had at the office —until my stomach began to get moody.

One day my stomach would feel fine and the next day I could hardly live in the same house with it. It would seize the slightest pretext to make trouble. If I ate French fried potatoes it was certain to want them Hollandaise, and if I ate English waffles it was sure to sulk because I hadn't taken German pot roast. I could do nothing to please my stomach.

Restaurants that I had patronized for years suddenly began to serve



"I could do nothing to please my stomach."

unbearable food. It was a disgrace the odds and ends they brought in and set before me as food. It was a puzzle to me how they could keep their trade. At other tables were people laughing and making merry; to me it seemed wrong to laugh in such a den of gloom.

I could have stood the way the people at the office and the rowdies at the restaurants acted, but when my

own family began to get unpleasant it was more than I could stand.

When I couldn't stand any longer the way people were acting, I went to a doctor.

"You have indigestion," he announced unpleasantly.

I told him that it couldn't be—that I just had disagreeable associates.

He smiled. When I demanded to know why he had smiled, he said, "Oh, nothing!"

Then I began to find out that doctors were hard to get along with, too.

It seemed strange that everybody had suddenly begun to be peevish and to show nothing but an unpleasant side. It made me feel lonesome in the world. I began to try to find people who were still sweet and unspoiled, but I soon saw that they were mighty scarce. Each day the world was getting to be more and more lonely for another sweet tempered person. I wanted a companion.

Feeling sure that the doctor had not diagnosed me correctly, I went back to my work, determined to wear out my trouble, but my stomach kept getting heavier and heavier. It soon began to feel as if they had tossed in a couple of scale weights, too.

Then I went back to the doctor to see if he wouldn't examine me more carefully and really tell me what was the matter. He looked me over carefully, asking me to describe my pains. I described them cheerfully; there was nothing that I liked better than to be called on to describe my pains. The only trouble was that people didn't call on me much—they were that selfish.

At first I didn't have many pains, but after I began to look for them I could find them on every side. They sprang up thick and fast. Whenever I had a minute to myself I would look around until I could locate a new pain and then corner a friend and describe it at length. If the friend started in to tell me that he had once had a pain like mine, I could show him in a minute how much worse



"— looked around until I could locate a new pain and then, etc."

mine was than his ever was. I began to pride myself on my new and unusual pains—but people to tell them to grew scarcer and scarcer.

As I described my pains to the doctor, his face began to grow grave.

"It is as I had feared," he said, trying to be calm so that I could not detect his agitation. "You have a touch of pyrosis, a trace of cardialgia and a well-developed case of gastro-

dynia. No time must be lost—I am glad that you came to me before the case became aggravated."

"And here you thought it was indigestion," I said with a touch of sarcasm.

I hated to say this, but I wanted him to know that he could not deceive me. Too many patients are willing to believe anything that a doctor tells them, when all the doctor wants is to hide the real truth from them.

The doctor rubbed his hands awkwardly. I had him cornered. "In its incipient form it did look like that," he apologized. "We would rather give some simple explanation until the case has developed far enough for us to know definitely just what it is. I must put you on a diet."

"Isn't it more serious than a diet?" I asked pointedly.

"The treatment is more dietetic than medicinal," he explained. "There is a deficiency of lactic and hydrochloric acids which makes it necessary to withdraw from you nitrogenous foods in order to prevent

parenchymatous degeneration. You can see how that is yourself, can't you?"

"Certainly—I had thought as much at first, although I hadn't said anything. Medical science has such a disease under better control than it used to have, hasn't it?"

"Yes," smiled the doctor.

When he explained that I had a touch of pyrosis, with a trace of cardialgia and a well-developed case of gastrodynia, I knew that he was making a painstaking analysis and that he really understood his business, if a person could pin him down; so I told him that I had confidence in him and would follow every instruction.

So he told me not to eat anything that I wanted and to eat as much as I wanted of everything that I didn't care for. He told me to take skimmilk, boiled rice, arrowroot and limewater regularly. How he had ever found out that I didn't like them, I don't know.

When I went back to the office and told them what was really the matter

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When I went back to the office and told them what was really the matter

with me, explaining to them that I had a combination of pyrosis, cardialgia and gastrodynia, they began to look upon me with more respect. Before they had thought that it was trivial, but when I explained to them that I wouldn't give in to anything trivial and that I was not the kind of person to complain or to talk about my ailments unless they were dangerous, they changed their minds about me and began to admire the strong, manly fight that I had made against the affliction.

The doctor knew his business all right, for almost the day that I began living on what he wanted me to, the people at the office began to be lots more agreeable. They had got over their grouchy spells and it wasn't any time until I was clapping them on the back and again calling them Tom and Ted.

But if I hadn't insisted, the doctor would have tried to put me off with indigestion and never have made the second examination when he found what was really the matter with me. Doctors are all right, but you've got to watch them!

ADDENDA

Isn't it strange what a name will do? Our overcoats are advertised as English cut and "miladies" gowns and hats must at least be said to be the very latest Parisian style, while we pay the extra price at the fashionable restaurants for "Pomme de Terre," knowing all the while they are just ordinary potatoes. In the very same way we like to speak of a severe stomach ache as a slight attack of appendicitis.

But it does not make any difference whether we call it just plain indigestion or by some other name. It means that some one or more of the functions exercised by the digestive glands have become disarranged. Some gland cell has either failed to give off its enzyme or has failed to send its activating zymogens to other glands to inform them that a freight load of perishable eatables was coming along and thus a wreck has occurred.

After two or three wrecks the track never seems clear. Nature pumps in a little extra hydrochloric acid the first few times to clear away the débris; but this habit persisted in, produces an acid condition of the stomach and

a little Soda Bicarb. is used in an attempt to overcome it. In a like manner a strict diet is prescribed in many cases of indigestion arising from the various other causes.

If a case can be seen early enough it is a wonder what Soda Bicarb. and a diet will do (just see what it did to the man in the story—and the author says it is authentic). The great majority of cases, however, require a different form of treatment. There is only one way of treating a disordered digestive gland cell and that is to supply it with its own protoplasmic qualities—the nucleo-enzymes themselves.

A digestive ferment like pepsin or pancreatin may aid in clearing away immediately an acute wreckage, but they do not forestall future trouble; the nucleo-enzymes do.

The nucleo-enzymes of all the glands which aid digestion are found only in Peptenzyme. It is the one product you can use in colic of children, in alcoholic gastritis, in vomiting of pregnancy, in seasickness, in summer diarrhoea, as well as in the common forms of indigestion and know that you are treating the very cause of the trouble, namely the disordered digestive cells, and that you are bound to get lasting results.

The Pink of Imagination

By HOMER CROY

(Author of the humorous novel, "When to Lock the Stable.")

The Pink of Imagination

I was strong and well—almost hopelessly healthy—until one day I picked up a pamphlet with the title, "You May Be Sick and Not Know It."

When I began on the booklet I was in the full bloom of health, but pretty soon I found that I had many of the symptoms pointed out in the able treatise. I could feel my bloom fading.

The pamphlet graphically told how an engineer might be sitting in his cab driving his iron steed—they always use that—down the singing rails blindly believing that everything was well and that the track was clear ahead for a long run when just around the bend a bridge might be out. Happy in his ignorance the engineer would go dashing on until he saw the gap; then he would apply the brakes, but it would be too late and he



"I felt there was trouble around the bend."

and his splendid engine would plunge into the yawning, sickening chasm. The booklet had a picture of the engineer thrusting a frightened face out of the cab window, with one hand on the small of his back, as his iron steed took the sickening plunge. Then the booklet went on to explain that the engine was my body and that the missing bridge was my kidneys. Then I could see that the engineer

had his hand on the small of his back to show what had caused the wreck.

By the time I had finished the next paragraph I felt that there was trouble right around the bend.

At the bottom of the page I knew that my left kidney was gone and that my right one was weakened.

Until I had picked up "You May Be Sick and Not Know It" I had been hearty and happy, but now I saw how fast my iron steed was racing toward the missing bridge. I began to see what an awful thing it was to be sick and not know it.

In the booklet I found some tissue slips about the size of cigarette papers. The directions said that if these papers turned pink when they were wet that it showed beyond the shadow of a doubt that the person was afflicted with kidney trouble, which each year carried so many thousands to untimely graves. Then it had a long, complicated table of statistics to show that the person who thought that he didn't have kidney

trouble was the very one that had it in the advanced stage.

The tissue paper fascinated me. I was afraid to make the test and yet I must know if I was to fill an untimely grave. It haunted me the way the booklet had of putting *untimely* in italics and saying that I owed it to my little ones to make the test. I hadn't any little ones and was just beginning to think that I could get out of it when the next sentence said, "Or if you haven't any little ones, then make the test so that you may live and bring little ones into the world." So I saw that I had not only myself to think of, but posterity.

So I made the test. As I stood there bending over the papers I saw them slowly—oh, so slowly—turn pink; not a delicate, transparent pink, but a strong, radiant pink. I could see by the strong pink they turned that I was worse off than most people—two of my bridges were just about out. In a short time I would go plunging over into the yawning, sickening abyss.

I saw now that, before, my health had been my ignorance—I had not stopped to look down the track. I had thought myself well and all the time I was racing toward the yawning. Until I had come across "You May Be Sick and Not Know It" I had believed myself in the pink of health, but now I saw that I was in the pink of kidney trouble.

The book explained that I could find other corroborating symptoms if I but looked for them. It then thoughtfully told me how to look for them and sure enough after a hearty meal I found that I sometimes felt drowsy, and that after hurrying upstairs I was short of breath. The more I watched for these signs the more of them I found and knew that I had just about reached the bridge.

I sent for the pills. They came in a package with a lot of separate compartments like a box of fashionable stationery, and in each compartment were different colored pills. The gray ones were for Monday, the green

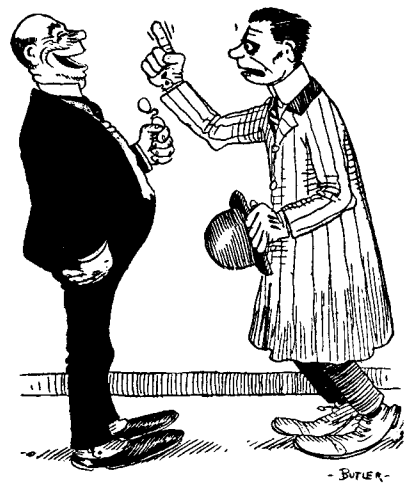
ones for Tuesday, the bluish ones for Wednesday, and so on through the rainbow. I was to take a pill every two hours, and while not occupied taking pills I should relax and think pleasant thoughts.

Much as I tried, I couldn't get the engineer's frightened face out of my mind. I couldn't help wondering if he had any little ones or if he was letting posterity look out for itself.

Just about the time the pills were gone I found some prepared paper in the box with which to make another test to see if I were well. So I made the test to find out how I was feeling —and the paper turned pinker than ever! Instead of getting better I was getting worse. I was almost to the yawning, sickening chasm—I had applied my pink brakes too late.

I rushed to our family doctor to tell him the worst so that he could be with me in my last days.

"Doctor," I said, wearily dropping into a chair, "I have come for you to



"Have you ever taken the pink test?"

tell me how long it will be before the yawning, sickening plunge."

He looked at me blankly. "I don't know what you mean."

"My bridge is out," I said weakly.

"Your what?"

"My bridge. My iron steed is racing down the singing rails about to plunge me into a yawning, sickening chasm. I am now pinker than ever."

"Iron steed . . . sickening chasm . . . pinker than ever!" he said, then laughed. Laughed in my face!

I looked at him coldly—he was making fun of me in my last minutes.

"You may be sick and not know it," I said, leaning forward and shaking my finger at him. "Have you ever taken the pink test?"

He had not, so I showed him the paper, while he kept on examining me. "Why," he said when he had finished, "you have a spanking pair of kidneys. Your trouble is here," tapping my head. "All the matter with you is that you have pink imaginitis."

"Well, I knew that it had something to do with pink," I said, and then he laughed until he had to reach for his handkerchief.

But I couldn't see anything to laugh at. Doctors have such a provoking way of laughing when there isn't anything to laugh at!

ADDENDA

The doctor laughingly made a diagnosis of "pink imaginitis," but it does not always need a hyperaemic brain to transpose suggestive symptoms. Many a first-year medical student has had every disease that he has ever studied.

Pains in the lumbar region, however, or headaches not referable to eye strain, do not always mean kidney disease. Vague fleeting pains in the region of the kidney may be caused by a hundred and one things besides kidney disorders. When the kidney is really involved, microscopical and clinical methods must be used to clinch the diagnosis and then only does the question of treatment present itself.

While scientists in general were discussing the question as to whether the kidney had internal secretions or not, Renaut in France showed his practical side by giving macerations of the young pig's kidney to patients suffering from Nephritis. With the results obtained he electrified the medical profession, settled the dispute as to the internal secretions of the kidney and started the medical treatment of Bright's upon a scientific basis.

Further scientific research in the laboratories of Reed & Carnrick showed conclusively that these internal enzymes of the

kidney, which include erepsin, katalase and oxydase, could be extracted from the young pig's kidney unchanged and uninjured by the action of moisture, heat or chemicals and in such a form as not to be impaired by stomach digestion.

These internal enzymes from the cortex and convoluted tubules of the kidney are dispensed in tablet form, — known as Nephritin.

Nephritin is not a dried extract or a desiccated kidney nor does it contain any drugs. It is a scientific preparation so standardized that a physician in prescribing it can grade his dosage according to the urinary findings.

After Nephritin has been administered, improvement is very marked; in fact the urinary examination forms an excellent method for noting the action of Nephritin on the kidneys. The points noticed are as follows: The 24-hour amount and the specific gravity approach the normal, the urea output increases rapidly, the blood and casts begin to diminish as early as the fifth day; the albumin, except in acute cases, is the last to disappear, and in many chronic cases the urine will be practically normal with no trace of renal sediment, yet a trace of albumin may still remain.

You really need our booklet with its ten colored plates showing the microscopic findings in various kidney disturbances for your desk. It is sent, free of charge, with a sample of Nephritin upon request.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

(Title suggested by cartoons of C. A. Briggs)

By HOMER CROY

(Author of the humorous novel, "When to Lock the Stable.")

When a Feller Needs a Friend

There was nothing that I loved to do more when I was a boy than to get sick. I liked to get comfortably sick—too sick to go to school and not sick enough to be taken to a doctor. The worst trouble was that father had such a bothersome way of asking where the pains were and of hunting for them with the handle of a tablespoon.

One Friday, when we were going to have recitations at school, I suddenly got sick. The night before I was well and hearty, but Friday morning my head ached terribly—especially when father was around. After the bell had rung and the children had gone in, I began to feel better and edged out toward the pantry.

I began to eat hurriedly yet accurately, in a way known only to boys, when my father came unexpectedly in.

Father studied me sadly a minute and said, "That is a bad sign." Then after a moment's reflection he added two words that changed the com-



"It wasn't a very cheerful waiting room."

plexion of the situation entirely, "For you."

So he took me to Dr. Mitchell's.

The nearer we got to Dr. Mitchell's office the better I felt. "Father," I hesitated, "I'm much better now and I believe that I could go to school."

"No, my son, it's because you like to go to school so well. We must hurry on before you have another attack."

It wasn't a very cheerful waiting-room. On top of the bookcase was a skull with cracks in it as if someone had hammered a piece of ice, and on the wall was the chart of a man, who looked as if he had been run over—except that he was smiling. How a man who had been torn up the way he had could smile was more than I could tell. I guess he was a Spartan hero. And in a glass case were a lot of tools, al bright and shiny, that made me wish that I had put off my sick spell indefinitely. No one could sit in Dr. Mitchell's office very long without thinking that reciting was pretty easy after all.

Dr. Mitchell motioned me into his private office. It was even fuller of cutting machinery and run-over men than the reception room was. On the wall was a hand and on the desk a foot, but that was all I could see of the man. I guess that some other doctor had got the rest of him.

"Tell me where your pains are," said Dr. Mitchell hitching up his chair.

If father had demanded so many pains, the doctor would want more.

"My head aches most of the time," I explained, "and there is a dull, heavy feeling in my stomach."

The doctor looked doubtful—that wasn't enough to satisfy him, so I hurried on: "I have dizzy spells and sometimes I can't get my breath."

My father moved uneasily, while Dr. Mitchell nervously drew up closer.

"My throat hurts me nearly all the time and I have cold sweats at night."

Father sat down weakly and wiped his forehead.

As that didn't seem to be enough, I gasped out another sentence: "Specks are always floating in front of me and there is a dull throbbing at the base of my brain!"

Dr. Mitchell moved uneasily. "When do those dizzy spells come on?"

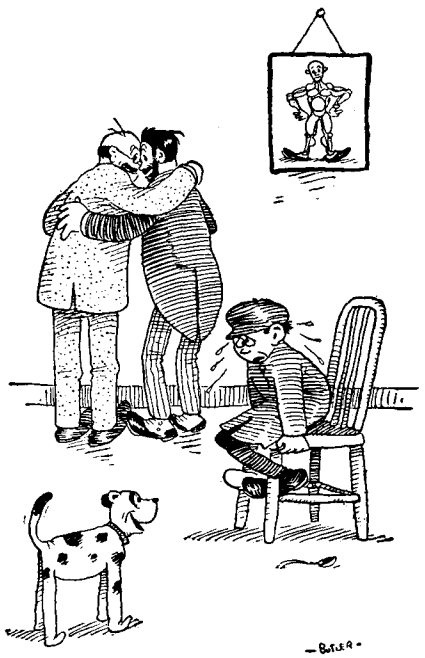
"Almost any time," I answered, and as he seemed so interested in them I fainted to show him how unexpectedly they came on.

Dr. Mitchell chafed my wrists and in a moment I opened my eyes. "Where am I?" I asked feebly.

Dr. Mitchell began to look suspicious. "Let me see your throat."

He got on a spoon and looked down my throat.

"Where did you say your pains were?" he asked coming out.



"Doctor, Doctor," I gasped, "what was that?"

I had forgotten the exact location of some of them, and thinking that others would do just as well I told him about my new ones. When I told him I had shooting pains in my shoulder blades, he looked astonished. He said that it was unusual for a boy to have them there, but I told him that I had had them there a long

while, but had not wanted to worry my father by mentioning them.

"Tell me about that dull, heavy feeling."

"It comes on me about the time I get up in the morning and stays on all day. When the sun goes down it doesn't hurt so much, but most of the time it's all over my chest."

"Your chest!" he exclaimed. "I thought you said that it was your stomach."

"I—I have one there, too!" I explained uneasily.

A light dawned on Dr. Mitchell's face—he was just beginning to understand my case!

He stepped out into the other office and I could hear him working with his bowl and pestle. When he came back he had a large spoonful of black, lumpy looking stuff.

"Put back your head," he commanded.

I put it back reluctantly, feeling that all was not well.

"You are a very sick boy," he said, as my mouth hung open, "but I think this will bring about a change in you. You must take this medicine until you are well."

With that he took hold of my nose

and emptied the medicine into my mouth. I started to breathe and down it went.

It got on my tongue and wouldn't come off. I scraped it with my teeth, but that only seemed to drive it deeper. I stared about wildly—he must have given me something by mistake. Nothing could be that bitter and be good for a person.

"Doctor, Doctor," I gasped, "what was that?"

"It's a compound of my own," he answered, but that didn't tell me anything.

With that he turned his back on me and I could see his shoulders going up and down as if he were laughing. It seemed strange that he should turn his back on me in my misery. I might never live to take another dose of his medicine and I wouldn't care much if I didn't.

"What did you say about this medicine, Doctor?" I asked weakly.

"You must take it every hour until you are cured."

"How long do you think it will take?" I asked nervously, still scraping at my tongue.

"That all depends on how well you

take this medicine—maybe a month, maybe two." He turned to my father: "Continue with the medicine, a dose every hour until he shows marked improvement."

I resolved I would soon show marked improvement.

"Father," I confided on my way home, "I'm feeling lots better already and I'd like to go to school—I don't want to miss the exercises."

"You'd better stay for the next dose—it's about time now."

That drove out the last pain and I told him that I simply must go to school or my class would get ahead of me and that I couldn't bear to have my class get ahead of me.

At last he gave in. "If you feel those shooting pains, come straight home and take some of that medicine," he cautioned.

I promised him that I would, but I knew that the last pain had been wiped from my system.

That evening on my way home from school I saw father sitting in Dr. Mitchell's office slapping his thigh, but when he came home that night he didn't complain of not feeling well. In fact, he seemed even gay.

ADDENDA

We can all recall the many times when, as boys, certain situations arose, some not altogether pleasant "When a Feller Needed a Friend." Times have not changed—we are still only boys of a larger growth, and again and again certain situations may arise when a friend is needed.

How often, in times of stress and need, does the physician find that friend in the little black bag, which has come to denote the symbol of his profession? How many lives have been saved, how much pain alleviated, how much sorrow dispersed, simply because it did not fail when most needed?

But rather than continue to speak in generalities, let us quote ad verbatim from the letter of a former house physician to Randall's Island Hospital, New York City, who tells us the story of his baby boy, a tale which will interest us all, for if any little "feller" ever needed a friend, that little baby surely was in need of one.

"I take this occasion to write you a letter of thanks for bringing to my notice the use of Peptenzyme. When your agent called on me and left me some literature on the subject and told me what you claimed for it, I had no faith in what he said and in the success

its use would bring. I told him you claimed too much. But I take this occasion to say that I am having the finest of results in cases of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Vomiting of Pregnancy and have already cured cases which Pepsin, Pancreatin and Papoid would only alleviate, and not afford permanent relief.

"Especially do I thank you for bringing it before the profession, because it cured my baby boy, who was brought up on artificial foods and who was troubled with diarrhœa due to indigestion all summer. Nothing seemed to help him. He had from six to twenty movements daily, brownish, watery and very offensive. Well, I tried the Elixir Peptenzyme, and let me here say that inside of 48 hours, the color of the stools changed to a golden yellow; they became less frequent, the odor disappeared, and after taking one ounce of Elixir Peptenzyme, he was *well* and remained so.

"Do you wonder that I thank you for what you have done for me; and I wish every physician in this country knew of this remedy and its signal cure of my boy? Success to you."

Have you in your bag a small bottle of this Elixir Peptenzyme? You will find it a mighty good friend in a time of need—and it requires but one trial to convince you.

I'M CURED!

By

ROY L. McCARDELL

I'm Cured!

"But I don't feel well, Dora," I said, "my eyes are watering and my head aches awfully."

"Why, nonsense!" replied Dora. Dora is my wife and we have not been married long. "Nonsense!" Dora repeated. "What silly notions you have. Saying you are sick when I never felt better in my life! However, I'll 'phone for Madam De Phayke who is high up in New Thought. Mrs. Hunnewell was telling me that all the fashionable people are going in for it." So I resigned myself to my fate and waited for Madam De Phayke to appear.

"You must rise to a higher mental plane," she began without even hesitating, "but, before I grasp you spiritually, it were best to attend to the honorarium."

This was a delicate way of telling me to climb up on the higher place and give her $10.00. She shut the



"Next day Madam De Phayke called me up by telephone."

ten dollars up in a snappy wrist-bag and then asked me if I could acquire transcendentalism by mental concentration. But I was thinking of how easy it is for some people to acquire honorariums because they eat the dictionary and exhale big words ever and anon, and I told her that as a concentrator I was N. G.

The next day Madam De Phayke called me up by telephone and informed me my astral consciousness

was at an apex, and that I felt no pain. How can you call a lady a liar, even over the telephone?

She must have tipped off a fellow worker in the field of psychic bunco, for Dora answered the bell about an hour later and admitted another weird sister of metaphysics.

It was a lady, made up to look like that Mona Lisa of Medicine, the late lamented Lydia Pinkham. She introduced herself as Mrs. Foozby, Christian Science healer.

Dora believed this. But I knew better, it was the second coming of Lydia Pinkham. I felt so sure of this that I told Mrs. Foozby that I was far from being a "well woman." I hurriedly described my symptoms as I best remembered from the grateful testimonials. I told Mrs. Foozby I had specks before my eyes and bearing-down pains, that my periods were irregular and that old General Debility was my constant associate.

"You are in Mortal Error!" croaked Lydia Pinkham, the second. "This is nothing but Malicious Animal Magnetism!"

I knew it wasn't Delicious Animal Magnetism. The Foozby style of dame never inspires that.

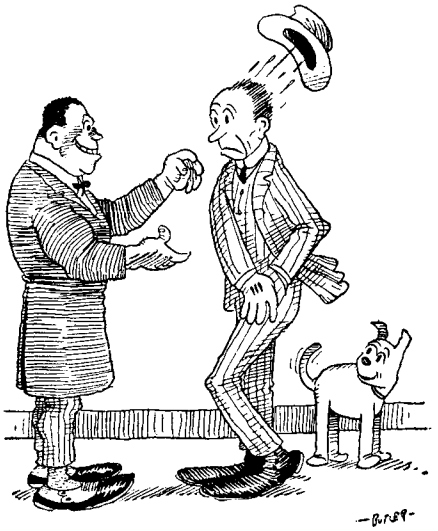
"I will demonstrate against your Mortal Error!" said Mrs. Foozby, "but the teachings of our beloved leader require the usual honorarium."

Why can't these metaphysical mud-hens call ten dollars—ten dollars? I suppose it sounds cheap at the price when they designate it as an honorarium. I coughed up the ten because I was feeling rotten and knew the old nuisance would leave shortly after she got it. And she did, saying she would give me absent treatment. "The further away the better," I murmured.

"Don't you feel better now, dear?" asked Dora after the weird sister of Christian Science had departed.

"No, I don't," I said, "I want a *real* doctor." I might have gotten a real doctor, too, if at this point that tiresome old ass, my wife's uncle George, had not dropped in.

"How's the boy?" asked my wife's uncle George, giving me a slap on my



"We must flex the spinal column. $10.00 please!"

aching back that made me see stars. I told him the boy felt as though cripples were kicking him, and if he slapped me that way on the back again I'll hand him a short-arm jolt.

"Haha, I see!" cried my wife's uncle George, "we must take him to see Dr. Brakebone."

If my wife's uncle George is ever sick I'll take him to a veterinary sur-

geon. That will be the only man who will understand his case.

What could I do? They took me to him. He was a red-faced muscular thing. "It is very simple," said the muscular thing. "A cartilage in the lumbar region is superimposed on the brachial nerve. We must flex the spinal column. $10.00 please!"

If he had called it a honorarium, I would have hit him in the eye. But as he had already started to "flex" me, and his big bony hands were around my throat, I yielded up my last ten, thinking he might choke me to death and take the money away from me if I didn't.

Having stripped me of my last ten dollars, he then stripped me of my clothes. He didn't do a thing to me, except to torture me in a manner that would have made the Spanish Inquisition with the thumb screw and the rack seem like caresses.

He pounded me to a pulp, he beat me black and blue, he separated every bone in my body from the cartilage and my digestive apparatus from my diaphragm. He pushed my lungs

down under my heart and poked them partly back again. I never realized what the expression "a floating kidney" meant before. Both of mine were pushed fifteen inches from their moorings, and it is a good thing that I took neither laxative or emetic until they had time to drift back to their old anchorage again.

Then Dr. Brakebone threw my clothes on me and sent me home in a heap in a hack with my wife's uncle George gloating over my shattered remnants. Anyway, he earned his ten. I would not have torn any human creature to bits the way he did, for ten times the money.

My wife's uncle George saw me to bed. "Now he'll do!" said my wife's uncle George. I did, too. I got hold of my revolver and threatened to stab my wife's uncle George with it, if he didn't fetch a human doctor, and I mean a *humane* doctor, too, right away.

"We'll humor him!" said my wife's uncle George. So they sent for our family physician, Dr. Fuchsious. That is, Dr. Fuchsious had been our

family physician before my wife took up tangoing and New Thought, or her uncle George had been cured of the botts by osteopathy.

"What can I do for you, my boy?" said Dr. Fuchsious in his quiet, kindly manner.

"Give me a kiss, Doctor, I am so glad to see you!" I replied wearily. The doctor raised the blind a moment and said, "You've got the measles! Why, anybody could see that. The rash has broken out on you already."

And so it proved.

Dr. Fuchsious had the right dope in more ways than one.

I was all right in about ten days and Dora came in on the last day of my sickness to tell me the news.

"What do you think?" said Dora, "there's quite an epidemic of measles among grown folks. Madam De Phayke, the New Thoughter, and Mrs. Foozby, the Science Healer, Dr. Brakebone, and poor Uncle George are all down with it!"

I should worry. I'm cured!

ADDENDA

"I should worry," said the patient, "I'm cured." "I should worry," said the doctor, "it was only the measles." And we laugh and repeat after them, "I should worry." We have smiled at the story, but even measles may "point a moral and adorn a tale."

A complicated sequelae, or a more serious infectious disease would have changed the entire aspect of this story. In either case people must be shown the seriousness of intrusting the care of the body, except to those having trained medical minds.

The physician of to-day is paying more attention to the value of the internal secretions in their relationship to prophylaxis than ever before. Therefore what more natural than that his eyes should be focused on Protonuclein, a preparation embodying both of these great principles.

Protonuclein is derived from the lymphoid structures of young and healthy animals (representing the Corpora Quadrigemina, Pituitary Body, Spleen, Thyroid, Thymus, Stomach, Salivary and Intestinal Glands), and is based upon the fact that the animal organism contains within itself the physiological principles of resistance to all forms of disease. It is now an established fact that the element of the blood, which possesses this property is found in the leucocyte, and that if the leucocytes are of sufficient number and possess their normal vitality, the pathological or toxic condition can be arrested and health restored.

The therapeutic value of Protonuclein is dependent upon three vital principles, 1, the hormones or stimulating zymogens, 2, the antigens, those products of the cells which combat toxic action, 3, the power to increase the leucocytes, the active agents in carrying the antigens to all parts of the body.

Apart from this, the presence of Iodine contained in the thyroid gland tends greatly to increase the absorbent and assimilative functions of Protonuclein, while the large proportion of Phosphorus contained therein of itself suggests its great restorative powers.

The indications for the use of Protonuclein are as follows:

1. As a tissue builder in all conditions of waste and debility, or in the sequelae of fevers, as Typhoid, Measles, Scarlet Fever, etc.

2. As an antitoxin in all infectious diseases, and in those cases of morbid growths or neoplasms, which may be caused by germs or fungi.

3. As a prophylactic in cases of exposure to contagion or infection.

4. In the treatment of ulcers and surface lesions.

To summarize, we would state that the value of Protonuclein depends upon its power to restore to the system its tone, to increase cell power, and promote tissue strength. Under its use, the powers of life are strengthened, the resistance to disease increased, the nutritive functions and, in fact, all physiological functions improved, and the bodily health augmented.

MERELY A CASE

By

BERTON BRALEY

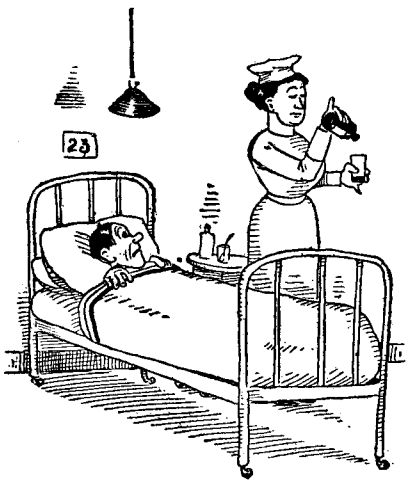
Merely A Case

"How wonderful," I had often said, "how wonderful are the facilities and the service in the modern hospital. Even the poorest of men has there the skill and science at his disposal, which Croesus himself might not have purchased in his day with all his wealth.

"And there is no emotional nonsense about a hospital. It is clean, disciplined, efficient—the care of the sick is its business, and it 'tends to business; a patient doesn't upset things, or throw the entire organization out of gear as he does at home, he is simply a "case," to be carefully looked after, but only as a part of the day's work. No nonsense, no heroics, just service. That's the secret."

So when I found that I had appendicitis and must be operated on I was rather pleased than otherwise. "At last," I said, "I shall sleep in a white hospital bed and be looked after by a white linen nurse."

They put me in the surgical ward, and tucked me into a nice white bed and I saw the white linen nurse. I was a trifle disappointed in the nurse. She looked capable, and competent and efficient and all that, but there was very little of the ministering angel about her. True, I had praised the competence and unemotional effi-



"Hundreds of 'em" said the nurse briefly.

ciency of hospital service, but I would have liked a nurse who was less like a naval lieutenant on duty in a white uniform. She was so disciplined and military looking that whenever she came to my bedside I expected her to say, "Atten-SHUN!"—and I know that if she had I would have sat up immediately and saluted.

It seemed to me, too, that she lacked Sympathy. To me my case was an Event. I was a Highly Important Surgical Problem. So it was with not a little pride that I said to her:—

"I don't suppose you have many cases as bad as mine?"

"Hundreds of 'em," said the nurse, briefly.

I was somewhat disappointed.

"The Doctor says," I volunteered, "that I have a very bad appendix."

"Yes," the nurse informed me, "that's what they all say. If you had a g o o d appendix y o u probably wouldn't be here."

This was not encouraging to my conviction that I was an exceptional invalid.

"You don't know how painful my trouble has been sometimes," I said.

"Oh yes, I do—all the cases tell me about it," she replied.

I was silent. This was extremely unsatisfactory. At home I'd been fussed over and worried about. I, a Person, a Human Being, was sick. I was about to UNDERGO AN OPERATION, and was therefore an object of extreme solicitude and interest But here, in the hospital, as I had formerly so well said, I was a Case—no, not as important as that, I was a lower-case case. Scarcely more than an agate-line case. For all practical purposes I was a number on the nurses' ticket. I would receive my proper amount of attention and that was all. And I would receive it because I was a case, a part of the routine—not because I was I. Theoretically this was a fine arrangement, practically I resented being such an

impersonal proposition. But I resigned myself.

The Doctor had ordered that I was to get nothing to eat for a day or so prior to the operation. Being of a full appetite I had thought this would be a hardship, but I was mistaken. I had expected to be tempted by delicious and tasty hospital food, but I wasn't. In fact, after watching one of the trays go by after twelve hours of my fast I signalled the bearer.

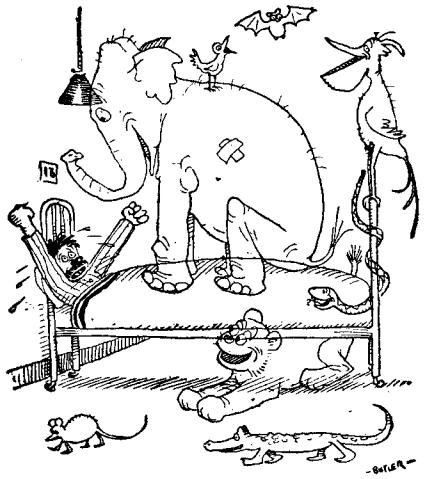
"Brother," I said, "bring that tray over here a minute."

"Can't," he said, "You're not to eat."

"I know it," I replied, "and if you'll only bring that tray over here where I can see and smell it close by—I won't even want to eat."

I've compared notes with other ex-Cases and we have all agreed that hospitals, next to small town hotels, have the worst cooks in the world. However, science tells us that starvation is, in a large degree, an excellent cure for many disorders, so perhaps it is all a part of the treatment. It certainly tempers the terrors of abstinence to be deprived of unattractive food.

I don't remember much about the operation, but I am told it was done with neatness and dispatch. Efficiency again! I recall the white operating room, the table on which they laid me,



Conversations with imaginary animals at the foot of his bed.

and a cornucopia which was presently clapped over my face. Then I remember doing an extensive falling act, dropping for miles, and miles and miles until at last I landed softly and opened my eyes in bed. They had taken advantage of my temporary oblivion and removed my appendix, leaving in its place a lot of bandages and a lively little pain.

I was, so I was informed, a rapidly convalescing case, and needed little attention. I got it. Oh, I'm not really complaining. I imagine I received all the service I deserved. The doctor came around daily and told me I was mending nicely. "Mending," was, I

thought, very good, inasmuch as nature was busy sewing up that gash in my abdominal wall. The nurse, too, was On the Job—but it seemed to me that she lacked temperament in her work. She didn't soothe my fevered brow at all. It wasn't fevered much, but I wanted to be soothed. Even by a naval lieutenant. There wasn't any romance about merely lying there and getting well. Again I found that being merely a case was monotonous. I didn't upset things a particle. It irritated me—the place was too darned efficient. I discovered that I wanted to upset things, that I wanted to create commotion by being sick, that I wanted to be, in other words, an Unusual Event.

Life was not, however, entirely devoid of interest and color. Dressing a wound, which was done for me several times, is not exactly lacking in emotion, nor without excruciatingly memorable experiences. Then there was an alcoholic case in our ward. I don't know how an alcoholic case got into a surgical ward, unless it be for the reason the wag of the ward alleged: "Sure he's a surgical case," he said, "didn't they cut out his booze?" I guess it's an old jest, but it amused me at the time.

The alcoholic case was rather quiescent in the day time, though now and then he would hold long conversations with non-existent persons who apparently sat around his bed and held his hands, but at night he erupted from his own bed and socially tried to climb into mine. I repulsed him as best I might, which was not particularly well, but after one or two attempts I convinced him that there was no welcome sign for him on my pillow. Thereupon he tried the next bed. Repulsed there he tried the next and kept on with his attempts until he had been repelled by every patient in the ward. Then he would desist and toddle back to his own bed.

There he would cry aloud, weepingly, "Nobody lo-oves me. I'm all alo-one!" He found "all alo-one" a singularly effective phrase. He repeated it with satisfaction. He experimented with variations upon it until he had converted it into a long undulating wolf-howl! The nurse only came around every half hour or so, and he was cunning enough to be quiet when she made her visit. He certainly broke the monotony of our evenings, but he interfered with sleep. Try to woo Morpheus some time when you have a six-inch wound in your lower abdomen, and a wild drunk, deprived of his booze, is giving wolf howls in the same ward and varying these with conversations with imaginary animals at the foot

of his bed. Add an elevator just outside the ward door—an elevator that runs part of the time like an elevator and the rest of the time like a head-on collision in a railroad yard, and to this add corridors which were originally intended for sounding boards and which echo a whisper like the reverberant thunders of cannon. In spite of diversions like these it is twenty-four hours from eight at night to eight in the morning in a hospital.

After three days I began to long for a nice quiet room in a flat on a corner where the elevated trains turn, and where they are putting up a steel frame building in day and night shifts.

Really, the situation wasn't as bad as I paint it, and I actually was very well cared for. The nurse brought my medicine and looked after my wants and my meals were carried to me on time. I took the medicine and left the meals—I will NOT withdraw anything I have said about them.

But I went home as soon as they would let me.

"Far be it from me," as Irwin Cobb says, "far be it from me," to criticize the hospitals. They are Splendid Institutions, Hygienic, Sanitary, Immaculate, Disciplined, Efficient,—but it sure was good to get home and be fussed over, and sympa-

thized with, and worried about, and made to know that you were disturbing things, and making a lot of extra work and generally being a nuisance and a human being instead of merely a "case."

ADDENDA

Isn't it true that a "case" in the hospital usually does better than the one outside; the reason is plain, Nature demands a routine, even treatment, with rest, for the reason that if given a fair chance, Nature repairs herself.

The words of an old professor to his students, "When in doubt give a cathartic and wait," were along this plan.

So the first step in any case of inflammation is rest. Thus if we have an inflammatory process of any organ, such as the kidney, we not only advise rest, but also put the patient on a milk diet, in order to further take the strain off the kidney. Then we ask the bowels and the skin to aid in eliminating the various toxic bodies by prescribing cathartics and hot baths.

The next step in the treatment is to prepare the poisons in the blood, so that they may be most readily eliminated. It has been found that the internal secretions of the kidney do this with marked success. Up to a few years ago, it had been necessary to ad-

minister these internal secretions in the form of macerations of the young pig's kidney, but because of the nausea and stomach disturbances produced by this very unsavory, soupy concoction of raw kidney, it was deemed necessary to find some other form in which these internal secretions of the kidney might be administered. The problem has for the last seven years been most satisfactorily solved by the perfection and introduction of the preparation Nephritin.

The great advance in the treatment of Bright's and other forms of nephritis is along this line of treatment, not by giving irritating drugs, which cause diuresis by irritating the kidney cells, but by giving Nephritin, the internal secretions of the young pig's kidney, which changes the poisonous xanthines into innocuous, non-irritating compounds, easily eliminated.

If you will try Nephritin in your next case of nephritis, you will see how it works, first increasing the urea output and the total solids; that this is done without irritation, is seen by the diminution of the pathological elements in the sediment, as viewed under the microscope.

You will never appreciate Nephritin until you have tried it, and then you will never fail to prescribe it after that in every case of kidney disturbance. The results show 83% improvement in acute cases and 65% improvement in chronic.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

By

A PHYSICIAN

But how in the fiend's name was I to get there on such a night as this? My horse had gone lame, my man away, and I not over familiar with my machine.

I was called to a house some eight miles off of the Macadam through the roughest roads in the county. My auto is good for thirty miles an hour on good roads, but heaven only knew what it could or would do on such a night, under my guidance, over roads rutted and frozen. It ought to, it must do it in thirty minutes, for it was a matter of life and death.

As long as I live, I'll never forget that ride. A wild, bitter night, dark as a pocket, the wind half a hurricane, blowing right out of the North, driving fine snow which pricked like pin points into my face.

But "Noblesse oblige"—it was *duty*. I knew my case, and I knew that every moment was hurrying a crisis, which, in the absence of a physician, meant death.

It was a good road as far as the Cross Roads Tennery where it turned straight up a hill about a mile, with

the wind on my right cheek, then came a level for three miles, wind straight in my eyes; up another short hill, then down a steep grade, around a deep chasm, then straight as an arrow to a railroad crossing, and a gradual uphill the rest of the way. My runabout carries two good Dietz lamps, a tool chest, a clock on the dashboard, and two loaded pistols under the cushion.

The lamps showed but a misty outline of the road, and the driving wind and blinding snow threw me into such a bewildered condition, that when I turned into the dirt road, and attempted to climb the hill, I realized the supreme folly of my trying to go further.

I remember repeating to myself the homely words "never say die." I put on full speed to take the hill—Full Speed!—Good Heavens!— it was a crawl,—a 3½ mile gait, fortunately there wasn't enough snow on the road to cause slipping.

Reaching the three mile level, I started at a 20 mile clip, all the speed she could stand and hold together. Oh the wind! the terrible, biting, merciless wind! how it h o w l e d a n d searched through my great coat and

got into the marrow of my bones, making the joints shake in their sockets. And the keen, knife-like prickings of the snow. But I was game though anxious. My machine rocked sideways like a boat in the trough of a heavy sea. I gripped hard on the steering lever, expecting something to happen—it did. The electric spark caused uneven explosions. I had caught my coat tail in the sparking lever—slowed up to investigate—30 seconds to the bad, only three miles in fifteen minutes—Great Scott! and five miles yet to cover! Hurry! Hurry! I cried, then a 10 mile, 20 mile, 25 mile gait to get over the nearing hill, but there was snow on the hill; the driving wheels spun around with terrific speed, though I was stock still at the foot of the hill. The tires would not grip the ground. There was no time to lose. No time to think. No time for anything but speed, speed. I had a thin rope in my tool chest, which I hurriedly wound around the driving wheels as best I could with my frozen fingers. I started again "two minutes—120 seconds lost." I groaned as I jumped in and started up and over the short hill.

And now for the down grade, along



the side of the dark gaping, horrid cliff. I must make up time; let her go! and I shot with terrific speed down the hill toward the railroad crossing a mile away. Suddenly, above the roar of the tempest, I heard the whistle of the train due at our station at 11 o'clock, and to pass the crossing about five minutes of the hour. I glanced at the clock on the dashboard; it indicated 10.54. I must wait, I thought. I felt for the brake with my foot, and in the excitement and confusion, pressed the gong. Realizing my mistake, I again

felt for the brake, but it was too late, the machine was going down the hill with terrific speed, and the brake was absolutely useless. I lived an an eternity in that one mile, I sounded all the depths of hell, all the agonies of despair, the hurrying auto rocked from one side of the road to the other, now on the verge of the cliff, now threatening to go in the ditch at the side. It was Scilla and Charybdes with a vengence.

Suddenly my mind became singularly collected. I gripped the lever with a grasp of iron. My nerves were on fire. I forgot the cold. My brain was centered in one thing; to keep the middle of the road, put on all speed and make for the crossing. Having determined on my course, I waited grimly for whatever fate had in store for me. I remember I kept saying "Go for it, you snoozer, Go for it, you snoozer." I thought of my wife and child, of the game we were playing just before the 'phone sent me on that mad race with death. I wondered if my medicine case was being jammed in the tool chest, and I thought of the two pistols under the seat. "They will help me out of the dilemma," I muttered through my chattering teeth.

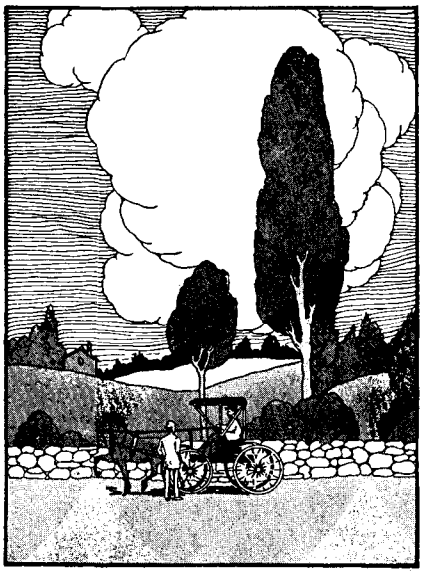
A sharp, fiendish whistle, like a shriek from a dammed spirit, rent the air. It was the on-coming train.

I pushed my lever madly for more speed; I acted like a mad man. I am sure I must have been crazy; it was no sane, dignified M.D. that made that mad rush. I shouted, I sang, and I tugged at the lever. Suddenly I felt a heavy jolt. My auto leaped the boards on the tracks with a swift bound, and I was over the other side, the engine's fiery breath in my nostrils. Another shriek, and the train was past, and I was rushing up an easy grade, and in five minuntes more I saw the lights in the farm house, where they were anxiously awaiting my coming.

The above incident is only one of the many that enter into the daily life of the physician.

The man of many business cares, when he happens to be free to take a stroll on a fine summer day, will likely meet his physician bowling along the cool shaded avenue in his automobile or his buggy, or perhaps sees him just leaving the house of a patient with a laugh or jest on his lips, and the merchant exclaims to himself—that is the ideal life, that is the life of ease and comfort. The life of the physician is, in truth, an ideal one. It is a life of high achievement, of heroic effort, for it is a battle with death and disease.

The physician is surrounded by an atmosphere which brings out what-



ever good there is in him. He sees poor suffering humanity with its armor off, naked to the blast, and he, like the Great Physician, must come to the rescue. He is equipped for any event. He must sleep with his ear to the telephone and his hands on his medicine case. Unlike the soldier he must always be at the front, facing the foe, sword in hand. Again, the hard worked family physician with his cares of a strictly professional nature is compelled to shoulder many others inflicted upon

him by his thoughtless patients. His advice is sought after on all subjects. His sympathy is called for in financial embarrassment. He is expected to heal family jars, doctor up wounded feelings, give advice about the families' underwear, explain how to keep the boys in at night, and give sage advice about defective plumbing.

A little thoughtfulness on the part of his friends and patients would greatly lighten the physician's burden; Heaven knows he needs them lightened. And that is the mission of Reed & Carnrick, the leading physiological specialists, with their specifics prepared with the greatest scientific skill. The doctor can and does rely upon these preparations, and knows and appreciates their efficiency. He realizes the value of opo-therapy and the advances that are being made along this line and may already have discarded pepsin, pancreatin and the vegetable ferments in cases of indigestion because of their limited scope and value.

When the doctor made that charge with his auto on that stormy night, he knew just what he could do with his engine; and just the same way when he has a case involving any form of gastro-intestinal disturbance, he instinctively turns to that

product, which by constant and varied usage over a long period of time, has given him the most uniform and consistent results, namely Peptenzyme.

Peptenzyme is so well known to physicians and has been prescribed by them for so many years, that it is hardly necessary to go into a lengthy discourse regarding its action and its application. Just a few terse sentences, however, explaining briefly why Peptenzyme, for over a score of years, has proved so successful in the treatment of the most stubborn forms of indigestion, may appeal to the busy practitioner at this point.

First of all—Peptenzyme contains the nucleo-enzymes of all the glands, which enter into the process of digestion, namely, the salivary, peptic, intestinal, pancreatic and splenic glands.

Secondly, by virtue of the nucleo-enzymes contained in the above-mentioned glands, Peptenzyme is enabled to digest every form of nitrogenous food, such as white of egg, meat, casein, gluten, etc., convert starch, invert sugars and emulsify fats.

Protein material is digested by the pepsin from the peptic glands, by trypsin as found in the pancreas, and by erepsin from the succus entericus,

while the gastric and pancreatic rennin do their part by curdling the caseinogen of milk.

Starch is converted and *sugar* inverted by the action of ptyalin and maltase from the salivary glands, by the amylopsin of the pancreas and the invertase from the intestinal glands, while the pancreas itself is coaxed into activity by enterokinase and secretin from the intestine.

Fat is emulsified by the steapsin or lipase as found in the pancreas, as well as by a secretion from the spleen, which emulsifies fats more perfectly than either the pancreas or the bile.

Thirdly, and lastly, Peptenzyme, besides digesting all of the ingredients of a meal, as outlined above, actually aids in rebuilding and regenerating the worn-out digestive cells. This is due to the fact that the nucleo-enzymes, which it contains, act temporarily in place of these debilitated digestive cells, and thus give them the much needed chance to secure the rest they require to renew their functions and normal activities. No other product contains these nucleo-enzymes.

Peptenzyme actually aids in the repair of the over-taxed digestive apparatus.

LEADING SPECIALTIES
OF
REED & CARNRICK

PEPTENZYME: An invaluable remedy in all forms of indigestion.

PROTONUCLEIN: An ideal prophylactic for all infectious diseases.

PROTONUCLEIN BETA: A distinct product for use in Phthisis and all other forms of Tuberculosis.

TROPHONINE: A palatable liquid food providing nourishment for both sick and convalescing patients.

NEPHRITIN: To be used in cases of Bright's disease and other kidney disturbances.

PANCROBILIN: Should be used in all cases of habitual constipation.

LACTO-PREPARATA: An infants' food, closely resembling mothers' milk, for children under five months.

CARNRICK'S SOLUBLE FOOD: A nourishing food for children over five months and for invalids.

ZYMOCIDE: A medicated cleanser prepared for general use in the household, and as a mouth wash. Invaluable remedy in cases of sunburn, prickly heat, cuts, bruises, leucorrhoea, etc.

Samples of any of these will be sent upon request.